

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1889.

NO. 10.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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MRS. MARY E. BRYAN.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who has won success as a novelist, a poet, and an editor, was born in Jefferson County, Florida, some forty years ago. Her birthplace was a huge old Southern mansion, called by the country people "Castle Folly," because of its baronial grandeur, in its quiet and isolated situation, on a lonely plantation. Her father was Major John D. Edwards, a native of Amelia Island, off the Florida coast, and her mother was the beautiful and accomplished Miss Louise Houghton, of Athens, Ga. Mary was a lonely, shy, sensitive child, educated almost entirely by her mother, on a large isolated plantation, with no companions save her parents, a younger sister, and her mother's brother, the gifted orator and writer, Robert Houghton. Colonel Houghton lived in Gadsden County, Florida, and Mary spent many happy days at his beautiful home, called "Salubrity," where, in a deep, orange-shaded window of a

great room lined with books, she obtained much of her education from his well-selected, though miscellaneous, library. When only seven years of age, she had read Shelley and Byron, and had dipped into Shakespeare, and at nine years of age she would repeat many favorite passages from these authors, with only the pine trees for an audience. Many an evening did the lonely child, thus shut off from companionship with those of her own age, fall asleep on the hearth-rug, with her open book under her head. Her freedom from restraint, and long rambles and rides in the open air, prevented her studious habits from affecting her general health. As he had no son, her father made a companion of his little daughter. She accompanied him on his hunting and fishing excursions, and in rowing on the waters of the Mexican Gulf, upon the coast of which the family spent some months of every year. She soon became a fearless rider, and was an expert in the use of the oar and the shot-gun. In her tenth year she was sent to the Fletcher Institute, in Thomasville, Ga., where she remained two years at boarding-school, when her parents removed temporarily to Thomasville, for the benefit of the school.

While still a child Mary was married, contrary to the wishes of her parents, to the son of a rich Louisiana planter, who immediately carried his child-wife to his lonely plantation home on the Red river. A few months afterward the young couple separated, and Mary was brought home again by her devoted father. He had always been proud of his little daughter's literary talents, and when she was a mere child had encouraged her to write stories and poems, which, he thought, evinced remarkable powers; and before she was fourteen years old she had

published in her home newspaper a serial story of five hundred pages, called "Isola's Life." Once more at home, he encouraged her to take up again the old life and the old interests, and the widowed child-wife set to work in earnest, and sent stories and essays weekly to a literary paper called *The Crusader*, published in Atlanta, Ga. Later on, her father persuaded her to accept the position of assistant editor offered by the publisher, who was ignorant of her extreme youth. She accordingly came to Atlanta, and assumed the entire management of *The Crusader*.

Mrs. Bryan is a born journalist. She entered upon her new field with enthusiasm, and seemed instinctively to grasp the knowledge of its requirements. Only seventeen years of age, she yet exhibited wonderful fertility of imagination, with inexhaustible versatility and energy. She wrote vigorous editorials upon the current questions of the day, and kept a serial story running, with a sketch and a poem every week. In the mean time she pursued her studies privately, and at the end of the year took her diploma at College Temple, Newnan, Ga. *The Crusader* was gaining ground rapidly in public favor, when Mrs. Bryan suddenly left it to return with her husband to Louisiana. She, however, continued to write, and published a serial story, "Household of Haywood Lodge," followed by a novel, published in *Scott's Magazine*, called "The Mystery of Cedar Bay." The latter showed a vivid imaginative power, and intense psychological study.

Mrs. Bryan wrote for several different papers, and for a time edited a tri-weekly paper published at the old French city of Natchitoches, in Louisiana, and the press was unanimous in praising the vigor, courage, and ability with which she handled the political problems of the day. Still, the best parts of the paper were where the poet cropped out through all in the little sketches and poems, which appeared in each number. Mrs. Bryan was for ten years on the staff of the *Sunny South*, in Atlanta, Ga., and for seven years she edited it almost without assistance. The amount of work she did is truly marvellous. She published five of her best long stories in this paper, besides innumerable short stories, character sketches, poems, and essays. Her "Random Talks" and

"Charcoal Sketches" were regular features of the paper.

Some years ago, this woman, who has written enough, in a versatile way, to form a library, published her first book, "Manch," a novel, which was published in handsome style by D. Appleton & Co., New York. This work is a most unique and powerful creation. It is vividly imaginative, finely dramatic, and absorbingly interesting. Mrs. Bryan received many applications to dramatize this novel, but refused, intending to dramatize it herself at some future day.

Mrs. Bryan considers her last work, "Wild Work," her best novel. She is now living in New York City, engaged by the Munros, at a handsome salary, as one of their assistant editors. Mrs. Bryan has two daughters, both married, and one son, fifteen years of age, who lives with his father at Clarkston, a small place about ten miles from Atlanta, Ga., where she frequently visits them. Mrs. Bryan is a bright, active little lady, dark-eyed and dark-haired, and with a trace of the Castilian blood that flowed in her father's veins in her attractive personnel; a brave, strong-hearted woman, of whom it may be said in after years, "She hath done what she could." S. E. Glover.

"WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS."

Charles Lamb says in one of his letters that, if his books do not sell well, they are excellent to give away. Perhaps, as we read this, we fancy that it would be charming to have a copy of "Elia's Essays," with an inscription in the author's hand. It would be pleasant, even to own such a volume, but, at the time, the friend to whom Lamb gave his book was probably much bored and embarrassed. Every person of letters must have noticed — if he will be frank, he will confess it — that *nobody likes a present of a book from the author*. Every one feels, in such a case, as if a friendly physician had conferred on him a box of pills. Let the author pause and consider. What manner of letters does he receive from the friend or stranger to whom he sends his nice, new volume, "With the Author's Compliments"? Do not even the child of four and the elderly female kinswoman write, in a suspicious hurry, to say that they are "looking forward with great pleasure" to reading the book? Neither extreme youth nor partial and feminine affection is so

innocent as to read the book first, and *then* thank the author. The truth is that nobody (except our Gladstone) ever does read books which he receives *ex dono auctoris*. Human nature is suspicious of the author when he brings this kind of gift. Suppose Lord Tennyson were to write a new volume of poems, or that Signor Comparetti were to discover and publish the lost "Elpides" of Theocritus. I verily believe that if these distinguished men sent me these valuable books "With the Author's Compliments," I would but cut the leaves of either the Sicilian or the English poet. On the other hand, if I had to purchase the books, I would rush eagerly into the market, and be found sitting outside the bookseller's shop before the shutters were removed.

The sources of this horror of presentation copies appear to be deep in human authors. We do not value what we obtain without exertion, especially when the gift has to be acknowledged in a way pleasing to the paternal feelings of the donor. It is not that one objects to the other's offering of partial friendship, or of the kindly stranger. Canvas-back ducks, Greek gems, rare first editions (as long as they are not the gift of the author), I can receive without regret, and acknowledge without ingratitude. Curiously enough, one would not be bored by a sketch, or even a picture, given by the artist. It is only a man's own books that are such unwelcome donations. As a rule, of course, they are trash. People who don't know a man have the audacity to keep sending their wretched poems, and novels, and essays, and so forth, to his door. Mr. Matthew Arnold used to give these away to a retainer, and think no more about them. A pretty collection of poetic autographs that retainer must possess. For my own part, I keep a kind of sepulchre in which I deposit books "With the Author's Compliments." What becomes of them after they are once in this receptacle, I do not know; they vanish. Here the delicate question arises, Are you obliged to acknowledge these perfidious presents from strangers? The consciences of men are divided. I think, for one, that you are bound to thank the donor. He *means* kindly (though it does not look like it), and to ignore his intentions is discourteous. But many people are less conscientious; they simply make no reply to the generous author. The worst of it is when he writes letter after letter, and insists on your telling him which of his poems you like best. In that case, my rule is praise the longest; that is likely to gratify the author's heart. But some authors publish opinions of this kind as advertisements. There is really no safe and short way of dealing with authors. Sometimes they ask you

to write favorable critiques of their work in several reviews. This kind goeth not out readily, and will pester you for months. However, you easily get rid of the books of strangers. It is far worse when your very friends lift up the heel, as it were, against you.

Nothing can be more delicate than your situation when your friend sends you his new book. Of course, you reply with cordial thanks and anticipations of delight, by return of post. *That* is elementary. But your conduct is now difficult and embarrassed. Your friend, be sure, is on the prowl, waiting with attentive ear for any remark on his performance. Now, as you have not read his confounded book (excuse my natural irritation), and don't mean to begin, how are you to behave when you meet him? The best plan is to go abroad or into the country till the thing blows over. If you stay in town, he is sure to come to see you, and keep his eye open for his book. *Never* leave a friend's book lying about in view, never for one moment! Some literary men "fag" a daughter or a patient wife to cut the pages of their friends' books, and to mark passages here and there with an approving, though necessarily random, pencil. This is all very well, if you can be quite sure that the work is really done. But you never *can* be sure, and Jenkins will find his "Rue and Rosemary" lying uncut in the smoking-room. The only plan is organization. Keep a set of top shelves in your boot-closet, and there piously and tenderly deposit all your friends' works, with the edges outward, the moment you have unpacked them. Never would I sell the gift of a friend, but I will be shot before I read it. Life is not long enough.

Here some cynic may say: "But what of your own books,—do you never inflict *them* upon others?" With deep contrition, I confess that I *do*. Why one acts in this inconsistent way I cannot explain, but I would set it down, speculatively, to Original Sin. There is a perversity in man which goads him to the most profitless acts of fiendish cruelty. Yes, I see my friends wince; I behold their gallant efforts to look grateful when I wontonly assail them with a book *ex dono auctoris*. I feel for them deeply; my own dastardly conduct can be condemned by nobody more than by myself. Giving away one's own books (even to one's dearest and nearest, hideous to confess, even to harmless children or innocent girls, or aged uncles tottering on the threshold of eld) is a terrible, an overmastering vice, like dram-drinking or poker. Nothing can cure us authors of this passion. Even Lamb was guilty, the gentle Lamb! In a

shop hard by—a second-hand book shop—are my friend Smith's "Powder and Patches," with a touching inscription to "The Marchioness of Carabas," in his own hand. I dare say her ladyship got as much as ninepence for Smith's present when she sold it.

Everywhere, on every stall, you see nothing but books "With the Author's Compliments." If I could hope that, when my friends sell mine, they gained enough to compensate them, in a slight degree, for the pains which these presents inflict, I might be more or less consoled. But can one and sixpence atone for the wrong I have done? Never; I know it; and yet, as soon as my "Selections from Plotinus" is ready, you will find me lacerating the kindest hearts by giving copies of it away to people who never wish to hear of Plotinus as long as they live. And many of them are not authors; *they* cannot hit me back. Gentle, uncomplaining victims, it is not *I* who wound you, it is some dread fatality which afflicts literary men, and urges us, blindly, madly, to scatter our books about "With the Author's Compliments." Very pale they seem to gather around me, the faces of those against whom I have sinned; sorrowing, but not unforgiving, they come; the kind, trusting old lady that perished of my *early poems*; the stalwart, loyal friend who staggered away to die under my novel; the lovely matron that I gave my "Essays on Language" to; ay, the little toddling child who never, never quite recovered from my original "Fairy Tales." Not reproachfully, not unkindly, they look down on me, for love pardons *all*, and will forgive, if it can scarce forget, the wanton wrong we do when we make presents of our own books to those whom we ought rather to protect and cherish.—*Andrew Lang, in America for October 3.*

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

In the charming hill-country of western New Hampshire, and almost shut in by surrounding elevations, nestles a picturesque sheet of water known as Sunapee Lake. Here William Young, the dramatist and poet, has for some years made his summer home, and here Colonel John Hay and Clarence King, perhaps with the intention of doing likewise, have purchased tracts of land. Due west from this lake flows the little Sugar River, running a rapid course of some fifteen miles to the Connecticut Valley, and turning on its way the mill-wheels of Claremont, the birthplace of Constance Fenimore Woolson. Miss Woolson's father, Charles Jarvis Woolson, also a native of Claremont, and a suc-

cessful merchant of that place, had married a niece of Fenimore Cooper, Miss Hannah Cooper Pomeroy, of Cooperstown, N. Y. As may be supposed, Mrs. Woolson was a woman of refinement and strong literary tastes, and her husband was not her inferior in mental qualities, being noted as a fine conversationalist.

While yet a child, Miss Woolson was taken by her parents to Cleveland, Ohio, her father's business interests having become centred there. She was educated at a Cleveland young ladies' seminary and at the famous French school of Madame Chegaray in New York. Her summers were chiefly spent, while a girl, on the island of Mackinac, in the straits connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan. She often, however, accompanied her father on his business trips to the shores of Lake Superior, through the farming districts of the Western Reserve, and up and down the Ohio Valley, until she became familiar with a great part of the country that includes the great lakes and the Central States. At Cleveland the Woolsons took a prominent position in the more cultured society of the city.

The vivacious school miss of Chegaray days, the brilliant society girl of Cleveland, was already looked on as having developed unusual talents, when her father's death, in 1869, and the consequent breaking up of the family, cast a shadow on her life, and urged her to serious pursuits. She had been brought up strictly in the Episcopal faith, and at this time had published a number of articles in periodicals of that denomination. It is said that some of her church friends experienced a feeling of displeasure when Miss Woolson began contributing to the secular press with a story in *Harper's Monthly* for July, 1870, entitled "The Happy Valley." This, indeed, is a matter of no great moment. Her literary field soon extended, and stories, sketches, and poems appeared in profusion in *Harper's* and other leading magazines. Selected stories relating to the region of the great lakes were published as Miss Woolson's first book, in 1875, with the title, "Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches."

In the fall of 1873, her mother's failing health necessitated a trip to Florida. There, at St. Augustine and on an island in the St. John's River, Mrs. and Miss Woolson remained for five winters, the summers being spent in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, in South Carolina and Georgia, and later with their relatives at Cooperstown. The literary results of this long stay in the South are readily to be discerned.

The death of her mother in February, 1879, caused a complete change in Miss Woolson's plans, and the same year she sailed for England. Since then she has been in America but once, and for a very short time. Her winters have been passed chiefly at Florence, though she has resided for long periods at Rome and Sorrento. In summer she has lived at Venice, and at various resorts in Switzerland and Germany. She has been heard of as occupying a portion of some old Venetian palace, with all the "properties" of balconies, gondolas, campaniles, red and orange lateen sails, constantly in sight. Again, rumor tells of the top floor of some "Hilda's Tower," with a vine-covered roof-loggia looking out over the Campagna and to Soracte, — but rumor says naught of the interiors of these same abodes.

Since the beginning of 1887 Miss Woolson has lived at the Villa Bricchieri, just outside the Roman gate of Florence, the same locality that is mentioned in Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," —

"I found a house at Florence on the hill of Bellosguardo."

There and at Venice she will probably remain until her return to America, when it is her well-known intention to make a winter home in Florida, and a summer home at Lake Otsego.

Miss Woolson is not a rapid composer. Her novel, "Anne," was nearly three years in the writing, a worthy example to novelists of the day. Her first book, and the second collection of stories, "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches," published in 1880, had attracted attention to the new author, but the appearance of "Anne" in book form, in 1882, placed her at once in the front rank of American prose writers. This volume has been followed by "For the Major," 1883; "East Angels," 1886; and "Jupiter Lights," 1889, the last of which, the *London Spectator* thinks, bids fair to rival "Anne," which it calls "one of the best novels America has produced for the last quarter of a century." Our novelist is intensely American. All of these books deal with the life and adventures of Americans in their own country, though of widely differing types, and in widely separated districts. Meanwhile, since 1880, she has published in the magazines some seven or eight stories, the characters of which are Americans in Europe. The last of these, "The Front Yard," aside from its principal figure, deals mainly with Italian natives. Perhaps it is not too much to conjecture that these stories will soon be gathered into a volume, and that they presage a new departure in the field of fiction by Miss Woolson.

As her friends remember, the voyager of 1879

impressed one as, above all, a gentlewoman. She was slender, somewhat above the medium height, with dark brown hair, fair complexion, and thoughtful face. The intervening years, it seems, have rounded the figure and deepened the expression.

There is not space here to discuss Miss Woolson's literary methods. Suffice it to say that she professes herself to be a realist, and thinks Tourgueneff the greatest novelist of the period. It is not likely, however, that she understands the meaning of "realism" in this country, for she has said she does not believe that only bad or commonplace character exists. She finds the field too wide, with the enormous production of French, Russian, Spanish, Italian, and now Norwegian writers, to be much of a partisan about anything, and thinks there is something good in all. An observer of her work will notice that she does not hesitate to make use of romantic "machinery" when it is needed. — *Arthur Stedman, in the Book Buyer for October.*

FICTION IN THE PULPIT.

One of the most curious and depressing things about our modern literary criticism is the tendency it has to slide into an ethical criticism before we know what to expect. We go to a Browning society, for example, — at least some of us who are stout-hearted go, — presumably to hear about Mr. Browning's poetry. What we do hear about is his ethics. Insinuate a doubt as to the artistic setting of a poem, and you are met at once by the spirited counter-statement that the poet has taught us a particularly noble lesson in that particularly noble verse. Push your heresy a step further, by hinting that the question at issue is not so much the nobility of the lesson taught as the degree of beauty which has been made manifest in the teaching, and you find yourself in much the same position as that unfortunate Epicurean who strayed wantonly into the lecture-hall of Epictetus, and got philosophically crushed for his presumption. The fiction of the day, a commonplace product for the most part, which surely merits lighter treatment at our hands than poetry even, is subjected to a similar discipline; and the novelist, finding his own importance immensely increased thereby, rises promptly to the emergency, and, with characteristic diffidence, consents to be our guide, philosopher, and friend. It is amusing to hear Bishop Copleston, writing for that young and vivacious generation who knew not the seriousness of life, remind them pointedly that "the task of pleasing is at all times easier than that of instructing." It is delightful to think that there

ever was a period when people preferred to be pleased rather than instructed. It is refreshing to go back in spirit to those halcyon days when poets sang of their ladies' eyebrows rather than of the inscrutable problems of fate, and when Mrs. Battle relaxed herself, after a game of whist, over that genial and unostentatious trifle called a novel. Fancy Mrs. Battle relaxing herself to-day over "Daniel Deronda," or "The Ordeal of Richard Feveril," or "The Story of an African Farm"!

Vernon Lee, speaking by the mouth of Marcel, that shadowy young Frenchman, who is none the less unpleasant for being so indistinct, would have us believe that this incorrigible habit of applying ethical standpoints to artistic questions is merely an English idiosyncrasy, one of those "weird and exquisite moral impressions" which can be gathered only from contact with British soil. But in view of the deductions recently drawn from French and Russian fiction by a leading American critic, we are forced to conclude that true didacticism is an exotic of such rare and subtle excellence as frequently to be mistaken for vice. In fact, it is not its least advantageous peculiarity that a novelist may, on high moral grounds, treat of a great many subjects which he would be compelled rigorously to let alone, if he had no nobler object before him than the mere pleasure and entertainment of his readers. There are no improper novels any longer, because even those that strike the uninitiated as admirably adapted to the spiritual requirements of Commodus or Elagabalus are, in truth, far more moral than morality itself, being set up, like the festering heads of old-time criminals, as a stern warning in the market-place. Zola, we all know, aspires as much to be a teacher as George Eliot. His methods are different, to be sure, but the directing principle is the same. He can neither amuse nor please, but he can and will instruct. "When I have once shown you," he seems to say, "every known detail of every known sin,—and the list, it must be confessed, is a long one,—you will then be glad to walk purely on your appointed path. You will remember what I have described to you, and be cautious." But it may fairly be doubted whether the Spartan boys, whose anxious fathers exhibited to them the drunken Helots sprawling swine-like in the sun, were quite as deeply shocked at the sight as classical history would give us to understand. There are some old-fashioned lines by an old-fashioned poet to the effect that the ugliness of vice is no especial detriment to her seductions, if we only look at her often enough to forget it. Probably those Spartan

lads, after a few educational experiments, began to think that the Helots, in their reeking filth and bestiality, were rather interesting studies; were experiencing new and perhaps pleasurable emotions; were more comfortable, at all events, than they themselves, sitting stiff and upright at the public table, with a scanty plateful of unpalatable broth; were, in short, having a jolly good time of it,—and why not try for once what such thorough-going drunkenness was like?

This point of view, however, is far too shallow and frivolous to find favor with the serious apostles who are regenerating the world by the simple process of calling old and evil things by new and beautiful names. In the days of our great-grandfathers a novel was simply a novel. Ten chances to one it was not as virtuous as it should have been, in which case the great-grandfathers laughed over it jovially, if they chanced to be light-minded, or shook their heads impressively, if they were disposed to be grave; perhaps even going so far as to lock it up, having previously satisfied their own curiosity, from their equally curious families. But it never occurred to them to make a merit of reading "Tom Jones" or "Humphry Clinker," any more than it occurred to the authors of those ingenious books to pose as illustrative moralists before the world. The men of that robust generation were better able to bear the theory of their amusements, and vices were quite content to flourish shamelessly under their proper names.—*Agnes Repplier, in the Atlantic Monthly for October.*

AN AFTERNOON WITH ZOLA.

Ange Galdemar, in company with an English journalist, recently paid a visit to Emile Zola, the novelist, at his country house in Médan.

We are introduced, he says, into a little Japanese reception-room, very artistically arranged, and commanding a view of the Seine through two windows. Hanging on the wall is a very fine portrait of the elder Goncourt, bearing these words: "To my friend Zola." Farther on, a picture of Victor Hugo. But we have scarcely time to cast a glance at the other objects of art adorning the apartment, for steps are heard, the door opens, and some one enters.

It is Zola.

He extends his hand, smiles, bids us welcome, invites us to sit down, and talks of the weather, of the country, and of Paris, all with a haste, a brusqueness, an indescribably nervous and quick air, which causes me the greatest surprise.

"Ah!" said Zola, in the course of the conversa-

tion, "I am growing old; I am almost fifty."

Yet his countenance still gives an impression of youth. For that matter, his entire personality reveals an astonishing vivacity. For my surprise is far from having ceased. Instead of the leader of a school, speaking from his arm-chair with the air of a professor, weighing every word with the slow gestures of a pontiff, I find a vibrating being, full of flame, a virtuoso who reminds me almost of Daudet. He talks with charming volubility, and becomes enthusiastic himself, unable to resist the flow of his images and thoughts. His face lights up most expressively. His forehead wrinkles slightly as the conversation increases in intensity. His eyes, the soft eyes peculiar to near-sighted persons, remain dreamy, veiled, tranquil behind his glasses. At the slightest compliment his glance seeks the floor, and he seems to want to run away. I swear to you that I found him a most attractive man.

Naturally, we talked of the seizure of the English translations of his works and the imprisonment of the publisher. Zola shrugs his shoulders, and tells us that all this commotion does not affect him at all.

"And now what has been the influence of the naturalistic school upon English literature? I do not see exactly. Apart from George Moore, who at one time promised well, the English authors have avoided any original departure. In truth, since the death of England's great novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, her imaginative literature has been poverty-stricken.

"And speaking of George Eliot, an attempt has been made here in France, by the translation and popularization of her works, to create a sort of reaction in favor of the idealistic novel, or rather to establish a happy medium between the productions of pure imagination and the naturalistic formula. Considering that the realism of the great English writer emphasizes a truth less bitter and gloomy than ours, they thought it would exercise a moralizing power more in conformity with academic æsthetics. All the critics in the reviews, in face of the enormous success of the naturalistic works, have been obliged to tacitly admit that the public found no more pleasure in romantic moonshine, and demanded something more substantial. So they appealed to George Eliot. But they scarcely succeeded in this attempt at naturalization. Her works remained on the shelves of the booksellers.

"That is easily understood. English realism, that of George Eliot, for instance, to speak only of her, is characterized by a dull and gloomy philosophy, drawn from Protestant sources, which does not suit the Latin races. George Eliot has very

evident evangelical tendencies (although she turned them wrong side out, for she was a free-thinker), a preacher's turn of mind. An author writing under the influence of these dominant qualities could not find favor in France.

"When they found themselves foiled in this direction, they resorted to the Russian novelists. They began again, in this new path, the enterprise in which they had not succeeded with English literature. This time they were a little more fortunate. It is certain that this last attempt has met with some success. At all events, it has given us an opportunity of reading two or three real masterpieces.

"Surely, at the present hour we are in a period of transition.

"As for me, I have a new novel under way. But I confess that I am slow in finishing my Rougon-Macquart series. I have still four volumes to publish before it is concluded. That will take me a few years yet. I really find myself in a curious situation. Suppose that a second war should break out. I should seem to be writing historical novels.

"When I have finished my series, I shall doubtless write some novels of a different nature, outside of the absolute method which I have followed hitherto. And then, in all probability, I shall resume the critical work that I so long ago abandoned. At that time it will have been ten years since the publication of my last articles. I shall have something new to say. I shall have to take note of the various efforts that have been manifested during this lapse of time, and disengage their philosophy.

"I had intended to do this in the pages of a review; but a review is almost a grave. In it one is read only by a select and very limited public. As I wish to address a more numerous and more varied audience, I shall doubtless begin the battle in some prominent daily journal.

"For eleven years now I have lived at Médan. I first came here in 1878 to avoid the Exposition of that year. Where this house now stands there was then only a peasant's cabin, containing but one room besides a kitchen. And the kitchen was precisely this little reception-room in which we are now sitting. I added the round hall that you see at the right, and then the left wing where I have my study. The room is a large one, and I feel very comfortable in it. The two hundred and thirty-two trains that pass my garden every day do not disturb me at all.

"During these eleven years I have written all my books at Médan. I do not think I have composed more than two hundred pages at Paris in the whole time." — *The Transatlantic for October 15.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOL. I. OCTOBER 15, 1889. NO. 10.

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Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR.

Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to send to the editor notes of information about authors and their work, for the "Literary News and Notes."

Readers of THE AUTHOR are requested to look through the "Queries" in back numbers of the magazine, to see if they can answer any of those that have been left unanswered.

Those who want back numbers of THE AUTHOR to complete their files should send for them without delay. The supply of several numbers, aside from those reserved for binding,

is already running low, and it will soon be impossible to supply single numbers for several months, or unbound sets of the magazine. THE AUTHOR is sure to grow in influence and importance, and a complete file of the magazine will in time be worth more than its original cost.

THE AUTHOR for 1890 will be made much more interesting and attractive than it is at present. Plans now being perfected will be announced in an early number. In the meantime suggestions from readers are invited, and will receive careful attention.

Andrew Lang's delightful paper, entitled "With the Author's Compliments," is well worth reproducing in full from *America*, of Chicago, in which it originally appeared. There is hardly a number of *America*, by the way, in which some article of especial interest to literary workers does not appear.

The extension of the subscription list of a magazine always benefits its subscribers as well as the publisher, because it enables him to make a better magazine. As a further inducement to subscribers for THE AUTHOR to aid in extending its circulation, the publisher offers a commission of twenty cents to any old subscriber who will send the name of a new subscriber with the renewal of his own subscription. In other words, a new subscription and a renewal of an old subscription will be given for \$1.80. Any one who sends the names of five new subscribers, with five dollars, will get the renewal of his own subscription free.

Those who send now one dollar for THE AUTHOR for 1890 will receive *free* the last three numbers of the magazine for 1889. In other words, THE AUTHOR will be sent to any *new* subscriber for the next fifteen months for one dollar. The first bound volume of THE AUTHOR will be ready for delivery about January 1. To accommodate new subscribers who wish to begin with the first number of the magazine, orders will be received for the first bound volume of THE AUTHOR (price, \$1.50) and a subscription for 1890 for \$2.25; and those who send their orders now will receive in addi-

tion, *free of charge*, the last three numbers of the magazine for 1889. Seven dollars, sent now, will pay for the first three bound volumes of *THE WRITER*, the first bound volume of *THE AUTHOR*, and a subscription for both magazines until the end of 1890. Those who order both magazines from the beginning, in response to this offer, will find that they have made an excellent investment.

QUERIES.

[Readers of *THE AUTHOR* are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 37.—Is the character of the blind girl in "The Last Days of Pompeii" real or fictitious? Will some reader of *THE AUTHOR* please reply?
L. G. D.

BESSEMER, Mich.

No. 38.—Will some one please explain the meaning and pronunciation of the word "carousal," applied to a portion of Central Park?
C.

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

No. 39.—Who was the poet laureate of England preceding the appearance of Tennyson?
C.

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

No. 40.—Who is considered the strongest of the American poets?
C.

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

No. 41.—Who wrote the following lines referring to S. F. Smith?—

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free.
Just read on his medal, "My country—of thee."

M. A. B.

FORT BIDWELL, Calif.

No. 42.—The following quotation is carved on the mantel-shelf of a house in Cleveland, O.; can you inform me where it comes from, and who is the author?—

As weary pilgrims, once possess't
Of long-for lodging, go to rest,
So I now, having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staff and stay.

The fireplace is evidently of some antiquity.

F. E. L.

CHICAGO, Ill.

No. 43.—Will some one explain the meaning and origin of "Paracelsus' salt," mentioned in one of Emerson's poems on love, in which love is com-

pared to Paracelsus' salt? Also, please give the whole verse.
C.

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 17.—I, also, have had much trouble with inks; but have at last found Stafford's Writing Fluid to be the best in the market. It flows easily, writes a darker color than other fluids, and in a few moments turns a jet black. Of its unfading qualities, time will tell better than I can. I have before me now writing penned in 1876. It is a deep, glossy black, written with Thacker's Ink, an English manufacture. The firm formerly had agents here, and I can obtain the London address, if desired.

A. A.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.

No. 35.—One with a good grammar and dictionary can learn to translate any language, and get some idea of how it ought to be pronounced, without a teacher. If it is French, I should recommend Chardenal's "French Course," First and Second Books; if it is Spanish, Robertson's "Spanish Course"; if it is Italian, Grandgent's "Grammar" and Forest's "Reader"; if it is German, Drey-sprung's "Cumulative Method." All the Romance languages are easy if the learner has studied Latin.

C. K. N.

ROCKVILLE, Md.

No. 35.—"A. de R.'s" answer to Query No. 35 will undoubtedly seem as unsatisfactory to the inquirer as it does to me. One question he did not answer at all: Which language is the easiest? If your correspondent knows some Latin, either Italian or Spanish would be much easier than French; without Latin, French may be easier. "A. de R." seems to have fallen into the error of a Frenchman, who believes that only French literature is worth looking at, or he would have heard of Dante, Cervantes, Boccaccio. In learning a language without a teacher, your correspondent would do well to study the most important chapters of grammar,—conjugations, declensions,—and then take up an easy book. The best book to begin with may be the Bible, because it is familiar and written in the simplest style. Other masterpieces a beginner does not know to be masterpieces.

A. W. S.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

No. 35.—Noticing in your August number Query No. 35, in relation to learning foreign languages, and the replies in your September number, which are so different, I should like to say to

"H. L." that I have endeavored to become a linguist on somewhat the same methods as he outlines, and I have again proved in my own experience that there is no royal road to learning. I examined the Meisterschaft system, and finally adopted Claude Marcel's "Rational Method of Learning French," published by Appleton & Co. in 1879, as the most logical and satisfying. But, after having obtained a fair knowledge given by such systems, is not the result far from being satisfactory? I have found it to be so. Within a short time I have become much interested in the new international language, Volapük, and I translated "H. L.'s" query into that language, sending the translation to a correspondent of mine in Paris, France, with the request that he translate the paragraph back into English for me to compare with the original, and also that he should give his ideas of the best method of learning a foreign language. I herewith enclose you a transcription of the original question, the Volapük translation, and the re-translation of my correspondent:—

ORIGINAL.	VOLAPÜK.	TRANSLATION.
I desire to acquaint myself with one or more foreign languages—French, Spanish, or Italian—without the assistance of a teacher.	Desidob sevön obi ko püks selänik bal uplu—flentänapük, spänapük, u talänapük—nen yufam tidela.	I wish to become acquainted, by myself, with one or more foreign languages—French, Spanish, or Italian—without the assistance of a professor.
I apprehend that to learn a language by the use of books alone is difficult, if not entirely impossible; but I believe that it is possible without the assistance of a teacher to obtain sufficient knowledge of a language in order to read and translate.	Niludob das lenadön pükön soalo yufü buks binos la lefikulik, if no löliko nemögik; ab kisdob das binos mögik nen yufam tidela dage-tön noll sätik püka al lilädön e love-pölön.	I suppose that learning to speak alone, with the mere aid of books, would be most difficult, if not quite impossible, but I think it is possible to get, without the help of a teacher, a sufficient knowledge of a language so as to be able to read and translate.
Can any of your subscribers, speaking from experience, advise me?	Ans bonedelas u lilädelas ola pükölönü plak, likanoms bekonülön obi?	Can any of your subscribers or readers, talking by experience and practice, give me any advice on this matter?
How shall I manage, and which one of the three languages is easiest to learn by means of method indicated?	Kisiko obitob, e kim pükas kil binom nefikulikün lenadön dub mod pesiniföl?	How shall I manage, and which of the three languages is the easiest to learn by said method?
What books are recommended? Is the Meisterschaft system all that its publishers claim for it?	Buks kiom pakomedomas? Sit de Meisterschaft libinom vilikos ut, kelosi pübels ota lesäkomas plo ot?	Which books are recommended? Is the Meisterschaft method worth all that its editors value it?

It should be understood, my friend saw only the translation in Volapük. It seems to me that the

English translation made by him proves the value of Volapük as a method of conveying ideas, the advantage of it being that it is so exact in the meanings conveyed by its words, and the regularity of its formation, being without exceptions, prevents ambiguities common to other languages. In his letter accompanying the translation he says: "As to my own opinion on the subject, I have no peculiar one. Italian or Spanish seem, of course, to me easier for a Frenchman to learn than English, in which language I have never seen any of my countrymen become fluent without having lived for some time in England or America." It seems to me that he touches upon the natural and only satisfactory way of learning a foreign language, *i. e.*, by living among the people to whom it is mother tongue.

F. L. H.

WORCESTER, Mass.

No. 35.—I did not write, I think, "All languages are simple and easy." I wrote, "All are simple and easy," referring to the languages mentioned in the query—French, Italian, Spanish. All languages are not simple and easy. The advice given by "A. de R." is most extraordinary. He advises the student "to puzzle out" the text (French) with no knowledge of grammar, and little aid of the dictionary. He says, in substance, to the man who does not know a word of French, "There is a page of French,—puzzle it out, ask no questions, and look not often in the dictionary." He may as well say, "Climb from the top of yonder steeple down without first climbing up." No man can "puzzle out" any language without a knowledge of its grammar; no man can learn a language by much or little use of the dictionary, unless the principles of the language be understood, because all words in the text are not found in the dictionary. The only road to a knowledge of any language is the beaten track through the grammar.

S.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Dodge.—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, has been spending September in her new cottage at Onteona, in the Catskills. She has abandoned authorship for editor's work, and has created the new type of child's magazine. Mrs. Dodge lives in a handsome flat opposite Central Park, and goes every day to the *Century* offices on Union square, where she has a luxurious room for her work. She is a charmingly pretty woman, with big, dark eyes and iron-gray hair, and is noted for

her wit and brilliancy in conversation. She was a widow before she even began her literary career, and then her little story of Hans Brinker and his silver skates made her famous at once. She has been in charge of *St. Nicholas* ever since its beginning, ten years ago, and since she assumed the heavy labors of editorship she has written very little except the story of "Donald and Dorothy."—*Albany Express*.

Holley.—Marietta Holley, who wrote the famous "Josiah Allen's Wife" papers, and many good things besides, began her literary career when scarcely more than a child. She has passed nearly all her life in the village of Adams, in central New York, where she was born and still has her home. Until within the last few years she has mixed very little with the world, living in absolute retirement with her invalid mother, whose own fine mind strongly influenced that of the talented daughter. She is an extremely beautiful woman, with the classic profile of a Greek goddess, masses of soft, brown hair, which Time has just touched with his silver fingers, and deep brown eyes, earnest, tender, and changeful. Marietta Holley's first work was in verse of a pastoral freshness and beauty.—*San Francisco Post*.

Ohnet.—Georges Ohnet, who enjoys the distinction of having written the best novel of the century, resides in Paris on the ground floor of a pleasant, sunny hotel in the Avenue Trudaine. His sanctum is filled up, after the Dutch fashion, with heavy Gobelin tapestries, old oak presses, and fire garnitures of hammered iron. He writes one novel a year. About two years elapse between the productions of his plays. He generally has two or three books in hand at the same time, but he carries them in his head for a long time before writing them, and never even so much as makes a note until he has worked them all out in his mind's eye. He does all his work in the very early morning, and declares that six or seven whiffs of a cigarette and a turn about the room always help him out of a difficulty of composition. He writes four closely-written pages of letter paper—about twelve hundred words—every day, but not a word more or less; his manuscript is afterward copied out by his wife. Like Thackeray, he is tremblingly sensitive to criticism, and he is a favorite victim of the autograph hunter. He is also a great admirer of Zola, whom he describes as a "splendid genius," but his favorite author is Balzac, to whom, he declares, the literary world in general owes a debt it will never be able to pay. Of his own books, curiously enough, M. Ohnet prefers "Lise Fleuron," although it brought

him the least money of any of his works.—*Chicago News*.

Scollard.—Clinton Scollard, whose dainty verse meets the eye in the pages of the magazines, is twenty-nine years of age. He is a son of Dr. James J. Scollard, a prominent physician and business man at Clinton, New York. His early education was received at private schools, and later at Hamilton College, of which institution he is now assistant professor of rhetoric and literature. For a year or so after leaving college Mr. Scollard taught elocution in one of the Brooklyn schools, but was forced by delicate health to resign. Then he travelled in California, Florida, and the Southern climates, and later journeyed through Europe and Northern Africa. A careful reader sees in his poems the wonderful stimulating influence of his Old-World experience in the brilliant color and tone of his work. His first book of collected verse, "Pictures in Song," appeared in 1884. Since, at intervals of two years, he has issued his riper and deeper thought in "Reed and Lyre" and "Old and New World Lyrics."—*Current Literature for October*.

Stedman.—If one were asked who is the most youthful literary man in New York,—youthful, not in the sense that a few years make youthful, that it consists of spring and buoyancy of heart,—he would not be far out of the way if he answered Edmund Clarence Stedman. He is to-day fifty-six years old, and he is the father of a matured family; yet of all the literary men of New York none possesses more vivacity, a more bright and cheerful disposition, than he. In spite, also, of the fact that he is about as busy a man as you can find in the Stock Exchange, he gets through a large amount of literary work in the course of a year. This literary work is done almost entirely at night. In such fashion he composed his five celebrated volumes of criticism, "Victorian Poets" and "The Poets of America." And though his poems are written to the flare of the midnight oil, they do not smack of that kind of oil by any means. It is not surprising, on the whole, that Stedman is decidedly the most popular of New York authors. Here are several cogent reasons for his popularity: He is a host of unlimited affability, and in company with kindred spirits, he is the soul of good-nature; he is a lively conversationalist, whether in gay gossip or serious talk, and his manner is particularly modest; he is an excellent story-teller, with a keen sense of humor for a smart anecdote; finally, he has put himself to more trouble to help young authors—the weary and struggling ones—than any one else I can call to mind. In compiling his "Library of

American Literature," a vast undertaking, he has had the editorial coöperation of Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, and also the assistance of one of his sons; nevertheless, this great work is practically the fruit of his own taste and knowledge.—*New York Letter in the Indianapolis News.*

Stockton.—Mr. Stockton made his first great literary success with "Rudder Grange." Probably its realism is one of its strongest points, for, aside from the episode of life in a canal boat, it describes the actual experience of the author and his wife in a search for a home. The events of Mr. Stockton's life are not at all sensational. He was born in Philadelphia, April 5, 1834, being now in his fifty-fifth year, and in the very prime of life. His father, William S. Stockton, was born in New Jersey. He abhorred the theatre and novels, and looked sadly upon his son Frank's first literary efforts. He married twice, Frank being the oldest of nine children by his second wife. The love of practical joking, so evident in all his stories, was one of the most noted traits of Frank Stockton's boyhood. He grew up in the country near Philadelphia; and here, with his brother John and a constantly-attending circle of admiring boy friends, he is still the hero of many ridiculous adventures. Fun and a love of fiction were his only predominant qualities. Before graduating at the Philadelphia High School,—then quite equal to many more ambitiously-named colleges,—he fell into literature, trying his pen first with poetry without much success, and then with prose. "The Ting-a-Ling Stories" were given to the world at this time. They were first written for a manuscript magazine, issued by a club of which he was a member, "The Forensic and Literary Circle," and afterward were printed in the *Riverside Magazine*; but it was not until 1869 that they made their appearance in book form. In deference to his father's practical views, Frank had learned wood-engraving, but he never remained wholly faithful to his art. While contributing pictures to *Vanity Fair* and *Punchinello*, two New York comic papers which had but a brief existence, he was at night doing a great deal of literary work in the way of stories, sketches, and verses. In 1860 he married, his wife being Miss Marian E. Tuttle, of Amelia County, Virginia. It was in his many visits to his wife's home that he studied the negro character. Several successful ventures in journalism finally made Mr. Stockton resolve to abandon engraving forever, and to become a full-fledged littérateur. The acceptance, by Dr. Holland, of a short story, "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas," was one of the determining causes which made him take up his residence in New York

in 1872. The same year he became editor for *Hearth and Home*, and on the death of this weekly he joined the staff of *Scribner's Monthly*; but in the autumn of 1873 he became the assistant of Mrs. Dodge on the new *St. Nicholas*. He continued until 1880 his editorial connection with *St. Nicholas*, giving up his position then on account of the strain upon his health. He still continued his contributions to that capital magazine, and to *Scribner's* through its transformation to the *Century*. Naturally, as all his work was given to the public through these sources, Charles Scribner's Sons and the Century Company are his publishers.—*The Literary News for October.*

Thompson.—Maurice Thompson, of Indiana, is making rapid advancement toward the foremost ranks as an author and critic. He is a man just turned forty-three, but looks much younger; is slender, slightly above the average in height, and wears a long moustache. A firm mouth, dark gray eyes, thick, brown hair, and a deep, soft voice are other most noticeable personal characteristics. Mr. Thompson was born in Indiana, but when quite young was taken to Georgia, where he grew to manhood. While yet a boy, he engaged in the Confederate service, and remained throughout the war. In his presence you feel that you are conversing with a typical Southerner. He prefers to be ranked with Southern writers, although he has lived for many years at Crawfordsville, Ind. Mr. Thompson has just resumed his law practice, which he gave up a few years ago to take the office of State Geologist at Governor Gray's earnest solicitation. He can earn from \$5,000 to \$6,000 annually at literary work, but he has a charming family, for which, he says, he must make a future, and he adds: "I cannot do it by literature."—*J. L. Smith's Information Bureau.*

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The *Detroit Free Press* some time ago offered \$3,000 in prizes for the three most acceptable serial stories sent in. Major Joseph Kirkland, of Chicago, has taken the first prize, of \$1,600. His story is entitled "The Captain of Company K." The second prize is taken by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, of Omaha. Her story is entitled "The Judge." The third prize, of \$500, is awarded to Elbridge S. Brooks, of Boston. His story is called "The Son of Issachar."

R. D. Blackmore, after a long silence, has finished a novel called "Kit and Kittie," which Sampson Low & Co. will publish in November.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, announce a new periodical, to be called the *Eclectic Bi-Weekly*. It is to be devoted to social, literary, theological, political, and scientific topics.

Florine Thayer McCray has written "The Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin," which will be published by Funk & Wagnalls. The work is to be fully illustrated.

The most familiar of the popular tales of Greece, Germany, France, and England have been collected and edited by Andrew Lang, and they will be published with illustrations, under the title, "The Blue Fairy's Book," by Longmans, Green, & Co.

Wolstan Dixey's book, "The Trade of Authorship," has gone into a second edition.

Lee & Shepard will issue soon "Our Baby's Book," an elegantly-printed volume that will form a convenient repository for the baby's history, the date of birth, place of birth, weight at different periods, first tooth, first picture, and other memoranda dear to mothers. The same firm will also issue a book entitled "The Law of Husband and Wife," by Leila J. Robinson, Massachusetts' first woman lawyer.

"Birds and Butterflies," a book for boys and girls, by M. G. Musgrave, containing over one hundred fine illustrations, is announced by the Elder Publishing Company, of Chicago.

Charles M. Harger, of Abilene, Kan., a successful young writer, was married October 3 to Blanche Bradshaw, of Hope, Kan.

A hole equal in area to four acres has been excavated for the foundation of the new Congressional Library at Washington. By December 15 everything will be completed to the ground level. The building will cost \$6,000,000. The general ground plan comprises a large central rotunda, built entirely of white marble, and containing a grand staircase, reading-rooms, and alcoves. Running off from this are four open courts, the whole being surrounded by a series of rooms and offices. The extreme outside dimensions, not including the projection of centre building on the west front, will be 463 feet 11 1-2 inches by 332 feet 9 inches. The books will at first occupy only the alcoves of the reading-room, with the magazines immediately adjoining. This space will accommodate a million and a half volumes, and will not be used up, at the present growth, for about thirty-four years. By using the first and second stories and open courts, the capacity can be increased to four and a half million volumes, and ample space will be thus obtained for 134 years.

The October number of *Wanamaker's Book News* has a portrait of Andrew Lang.

George Sand did not write the first name of her nom de plume Georges, in French fashion, but plain George, as it is written in English. Let the ultra-correct people who are always writing Georges Sand make a note of this.

Miss Braddon's new book, "The Day Will Come," is her fifty-first novel. Just twenty-seven years have elapsed since her "Lady Audley's Secret" appeared.

Amélie Rives-Chanler is going to spend a month in Spain this winter.

One of the facts about Wilkie Collins already called out in England is a statement that he was a martyr to nerves and gout, and took opium in huge amounts. "He was in the habit of taking daily," says Edmund Yates, "and without apparently serious noxious effect, more pure laudanum than would have sufficed to kill a ship's crew or a company of soldiers. This amount was, of course, arrived at slowly and by degrees."

Miss Adeline Trafton, author of "Katharine Earl," "His Inheritance," and other stories, was married October 2, at her father's home in Springfield, Mass., to Samuel Knox, Jr., a lawyer of St. Louis.

Mrs. Mary J. (Hawes) Holmes, the story-writer, was born at Brookfield, Mass. She married Daniel Holmes, a lawyer, and their lives have been spent chiefly in Richmond, Ontario County, N. Y., Versailles, Ky., and at Brockport, N. Y.

James Whitcomb Riley is suffering from nervous prostration, and has had to cancel his lecture engagements.

Twenty years ago Maurice Thompson sent a story to the *New York Weekly*, which was accepted, paid for by a check of \$100, and pigeon-holed. Lately he was told that "The League of the Guadalupe" was running as a serial in the *Weekly*. He procured a copy of the paper, and, as he tells the story, "there, sure enough, all dripping with gore, and spangled with bowie knives and pistols, and flaring with red lights, flamed my long-delayed masterpiece. Twenty years of delay had not even coagulated its blood or tamed its murderous spirit in the least. I had forgotten its title, and I could not recall the name of a single character in it, but a glance was sufficient. The long-lost vision arose before my eyes, like some of those memories of battle, with all the sulphur, and powder-blaze, and circling smoke, and thunder, and blood."

With the first of October Maurice Thompson became associated with the editorial corps of *The Independent*. He is to review current novels, poetry, and *belles-lettres*.

Walter Savage Landor once told a friend that after he had read a book, he gave it away on principle,—"for if I know I am to put it on my shelf to refer to, I shall not fix it in my memory; but if I know while I am reading it that as soon as it is read it will be taken away, I am sure to keep all that I want." In his old age Landor was furious if he did not remember at once any passage of a book, or any name, or date, and would immediately begin to abuse himself, crying out in his sharp, high voice, "God bless my soul! I am losing my mind; I am getting old"; and then the name, or date, or passage would come in the midst of his vituperation of himself, and he would calmly go on as if nothing had happened.

Edward J. Bok, who for five or six years has been connected with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, has accepted the position of editor-in-chief of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Mr. Bok will retain his connection with the literary syndicate which he and his brother, William J. Bok, have made so successful.

The American (Philadelphia) will be enlarged by the addition of from four to eight pages weekly at the beginning of its nineteenth volume, October 19. The price will still be \$3 a year.

Three years ago Edward Bellamy was glad to get \$25 for a short story. He was getting discouraged when he sent "Looking Backward" to a publisher, and told intimate friends that if that manuscript proved a failure, he would never write another.

A new English edition (the nineteenth) of Hayden's "Dictionary of Dates" is coming out.

A new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is to be published by F. A. Stokes & Brother.

The "Life, Letters, and Journal" of Louisa Alcott, just published by Roberts Brothers, is said to be already a success, the first edition of 5,000 not satisfying the demand.

The uncollected writings of De Quincey are soon to be brought together in book form.

Where the "Grolier Club," of New York, got its name, and what are the purposes and methods of the club will be fully explained by Brander Matthews in an illustrated paper in the next number of the *Century*. Careful drawings of bindings by Grolier are reproduced in connection with the text.

Ginn & Company announce "Enunciation and Articulation," by Miss Ella M. Boyce, superintendent of public schools, Bradford, Penn.

William Dean Howells takes up, in *Harper's Magazine* for November, "the decline of English fiction from the genuine realism of Jane Austen, through Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, and even George Eliot."

Emerson gives this admirable advice to writers: "Your work gains for every 'very' you cancel." "Don't italicize; you should so write that the italics show without being there." "Beware of the words 'intense' and 'exquisite'; to very few people would the occasion for the word 'intense' come in a lifetime."

Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, the author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece" and of "Two Convicts," is said to be the daughter of a warden of the Maine State Prison, who met a tragic death at the hands of a convict.

Goethe's house at Weimar, from which the public have been excluded rigidly until within a year, will be fully described in the November *Scribner* by Oscar Browning.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, who won the \$900 prize offered by the *Detroit Free Press* for the best serial story, is an editorial writer on the *Omaha Herald-World*, of which her husband is managing editor. Mrs. Peattie is a Michigan girl. She was born in Kalamazoo, and lived for some years in St. Johns. When she was Miss Elia Wilkinson, she removed with her father to Chicago, shortly after the great fire, and lived there until last December. In 1883, Miss Wilkinson was married to Robert B. Peattie, a well-known Chicago newspaper writer. Mrs. Peattie took four prizes for stories in the *Chicago Tribune*, and afterward worked on the staff of that paper for eighteen months. Later she accepted a position on the *Chicago Morning News*, doing everything from society to art criticism. In 1888 she wrote "The Story of America," a history of the United States for young folks. In December of 1888, she and her husband removed to Omaha. Mrs. Peattie has just returned from a two-months' trip to Alaska. She has contributed to many of the leading magazines. The editor of the *Omaha Republican* says of her: "As for Mrs. Peattie, she has written everything from market reviews to leading editorials. She has written night and day, week-days and Sundays. She has reported church fairs, reduced accounts of local base-ball games to rhyme, and fashioned special articles of all varieties. She has done nothing poorly."

Nims & Knight, of Troy, N. Y., publish contemporaneous with the London edition of Trübner & Co., "Aryan Sun-Myths the Origin of Religions," a work which is destined to create some little stir in thinking circles.

A portrait and sketch of Constance Fenimore Woolson, and a portrait of Blanche Willis Howard, are given in the October *Book Buyer*.

The Arena is the name of a new monthly, announced to appear in Boston December 1. It will discuss social and political topics, and in style and make-up will resemble the *North American Review*.

Tourgouneff sold the copyright of his works shortly before his death to M. Glasunoff for £9,000, Gogol's works were sold for £6,000, Pushkin's for £1,750, and Kriloff's fables for £700.

Senator Sherman has a finely-stocked library of standard books, but he follows the rule, "Never read a book till it is a year old."

William Sharp, editor of "The Canterbury Poets," and himself a poet of rare and scholarly gifts, is visiting Edmund Clarence Stedman in New York.

"Magazine publication gives an author a great deal of advertising," said recently the assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. "Then, too, there is a certain value to an appearance in good company that must not be forgotten. A magazine of good reputation gives some of that to all its contributors. That must all be counted in favor of the magazine publication of a novel. Don't think me contradictory when I add that perhaps we attach too much value to the reputation of an author of acknowledged name. It has great value unquestionably. A man buys a book first and reads it afterward. Let me illustrate my meaning this way: We will say that in our magazine we have two short stories. One is written by a well-known and the other by a new author. The magazine is bought by a man to read on his way to Washington. He glances through the table of contents. If he recalls the name of the older author, and remembers with pleasure having read something of his before, he will give his story the preference over that of his younger rival. But that does not prejudice him against the new man. He will begin reading his story impartially and with a desire to be pleased. If he likes it, he will finish it, and in the future he will look for his stories with interest. If the new story is as good, it will give as much pleasure as that of the veteran writer. I believe that all of the leading magazines are on the lookout for new men, new stories, new methods of story-telling, and new fields of fiction."

Though Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke was in quite feeble health during the early part of the season, she is now much better, and was in Boston recently making arrangements to remove from Pittsfield, with her niece and husband, to New York City for the winter and spring.

Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, the wife of the historian, and the author of "Margaret Kent," is a slender little lady, with a fine brow and expressive eyes.

Lord Lytton, whose literary reputation was made by the poem "Lucille," resembles his father in personal appearance, having the same long face, sad-looking eyes, full, straight beard, and prominent nose. His present position as Minister to France is an enviable one, the government allowing him a palace and \$60,000 salary.

Mark Twain lives an idle, easy-going sort of existence during nine months of the year. Unlike most authors, he works all summer, and rests all the remainder of the year. His home in Hartford is a handsome red-brick Queen Anne villa, the principal attraction of which is a large library on the first floor.

"We have published only one novel," said recently the partner of Samuel L. Clemens in the subscription publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., "and that was Mark Twain's 'Tom Sawyer.' That met with great success, and the author made much more than he would have done had the book been sold to the trade. Publishing books by subscription offers greater profits than the other method of putting books before the public. We have already given to Mrs. Grant \$400,000 for her husband's memoirs. We paid her seventy-five per cent. of the net profits. That makes our profit \$133,000. We made a different contract with Mrs. Phil Sheridan, but she will probably receive \$25,000 or \$30,000. We expect to sell about 50,000 sets of two volumes each. We have already sold 30,000. The books that can be sold by subscription are books that appeal to the masses: bibles, encyclopædias, works of reference, and autobiographies. Would we accept a novel? Yes; if General Harrison or Mr. Cleveland should write a novel, we would be glad to publish it. Ordinary works of fiction, however, are outside of our line. We only publish three or four books a year, and even that entails an immense amount of work and expense. I doubt whether novel-writing for subscription publishing ever will pay as a rule; but let the work be interesting enough to appeal to the masses, and our system gives a greater sale and a larger profit than any other now in vogue."

The Epoch says that Amélie Rives feels hurt by the report that she had formed a literary co-partnership with M. Catulle Mendès. To a friend she said: "I had never even heard this author's name, and so, as I wanted to see where the resemblance between us lay, I sent for one of his books. Why, it was vile! I stopped at the first page, and threw it into the fire."

Charles Edward Barns, of Brooklyn, a new author who has sprung into prominence by reason of several works which bear an individuality not to be mistaken, is only twenty-six. He is a young man of wealth, culture, and leisure. He has travelled extensively, not only in Europe, but through the Orient, and many of his books have a tinge of travel, notably "The Disillusioned Occultist" and "A Venetian Study in Black and White." He is a slight, unassuming man, with a refined, scholarly face, and big, dark eyes. He is a constant worker and student, and may be seen each day haunting the alcoves of the Astor Library. The critics have been remarkably amiable to Mr. Barns, and the most hypercritical admit that here is an author who gives extraordinary promise for the future. His "Solitarius to His Dæmon" has received special commendation.

Mrs. Robert R. Sharkey, known to the literary world as Mrs. E. Burke Collins, is a descendant of the famous Whiting family of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, whose published genealogy traces the family back six hundred years. She was born in Rochester, N. Y., left school at the age of fifteen, and married E. Burke Collins, a lawyer from that city, afterward removing to Louisiana. Ten months later he died, leaving his girl wife almost solely dependent upon her pen. Under the *nom de plume* of Mrs. E. Burke Collins, she has written for the press ever since, and she is one of the small band of women writers who earn more than \$6,000 a year with their pens. Her present husband, Robert R. Sharkey, a Mississippi cotton planter, is the nephew and sole male descendant of the late Governor Sharkey of Mississippi, also United States senator for several terms, and judge in the United States supreme court. Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey have a lovely home on the Greensburg road in Tangipahoa Parish, La., known as "Hillside," and considered the finest place in that parish; also a beautiful residence in New Orleans, which is their winter home. Mrs. Sharkey is the only professional story-writer in the far South, and her salary is larger than that received by any other person in the state of Louisiana, not even excepting its State officials.

Henry Russell, father of W. Clark Russell, the novelist, was once a resident of America. He has written many popular ballads. Among them are "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The British Grenadiers," and "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Edmund Gosse declares, in the *Forum* for October, that Herbert Spencer's books do not cover the cost of their publication. Neither does Mr. Swinburne find his books profitable.

The death of Miss Amy Levy at the early age of twenty-three is a loss to literature. She had published a book of poems and two novels, each of which was in its way remarkable. "The Romance of a Shop" was Balzacian in the fidelity of its details, and "Reuben Sachs," an exposition of Jewish life in its relation to the outer world, was regarded as among the signs of the times. Miss Levy was a member of the Levy-Lawson family, proprietors of the *London Telegraph*, and a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge.

One who saw Tennyson recently says: "In his walk he shuffled heavily, and the cane that he once carried as a companion to swing idly in moments of thought had become almost a staff. He told me his health was good, but his general appearance scarcely verified his statement."

Among Macmillan & Co.'s announcements are: A new volume of poems, by Lord Tennyson; "On Style: with Other Studies in Literature," by Walter Pater; "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmanship," by Mr. Joseph Pennell, with photogravures and other illustrations; and "Letters of Keats," edited by Sidney Colvin.

Some authors receive large incomes from their royalties. The late E. P. Poe from his ten books probably had the largest income of that sort of any American author. Mr. Howells and General Lew Wallace doubtless receive large sums annually. "Ben Hur" sells better now than it did when it was first published, and the demand shows no signs of diminishing. Many of the standard works of American authors are more read now than ever before. Longfellow, Bryant, and Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell have more readers now than they had ten years ago.

Harper & Brothers employ about seven hundred people.

Frank A. Munsey, the proprietor of *Munsey's Weekly* and other successful New York papers, only a few years ago was an operative in the Worombo woollen mill at Lisbon Falls, Me. He began his journalistic work by sending to the *Lewiston Journal* items of village gossip from Lisbon Falls.